

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

ROCKY LANE

No. 60

Featuring Miss Shelly JACK JACK

WESTERN

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



**By applying existing legislation, we will ensure
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MACHINERY PICTURE AND TV SHOW

ROCKY Lane

in

"THE CASE OF THE GREEN MASK!"

VISCHI BEHOLD THE STRIKING AND MYSTERIOUS GREEN MASK? THAT'S WHAT SECRET AGENT VISCHE, ROOKY LING, AIMS TO DISCOVER! BUT WHEN HE FINALLY MANAGERS TO PUSH ASIDE THE EASY MASK, HE FINDS SOMETHING HE LEAST EXPECTED—SOMETHING HORRIFYING AND HIGHLIGHTING...
—CRAZY!



• 100 •

...THE WORDS NEVER BLOW COLD...

WE DONT KNOW YEH! WHY
DID YOU SEND ALL OF US
HOTELS AND ASK US TO
MEET YEH HERE?

RECK ... I'VE BEEN WATCHING YEH HOMMIES. I KNOW WORE THE KIND OF CATTIERS WHO WANT MONEY AND HAVEN'T PARTICULAR ABOUT HOW YEH GET IT!



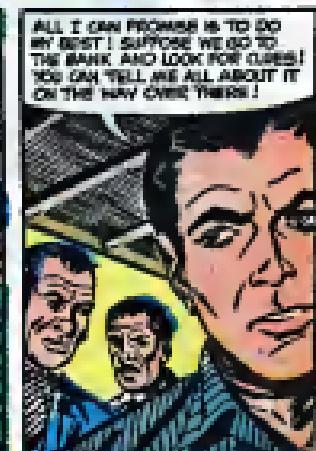
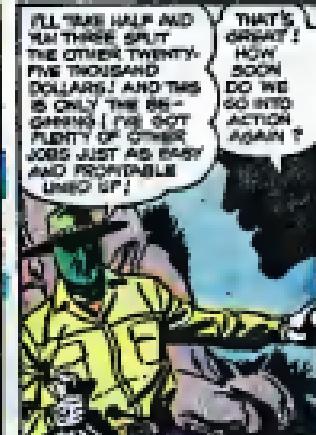
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RELAX ! I'VE GOT A BUREAU-PIPE
PLAN ALL WORKED OUT THAT'LL
GET ALL OF US PLENTY OF
ART DESIGN HOLDING STUFF !
IT CAN'T FAIL !

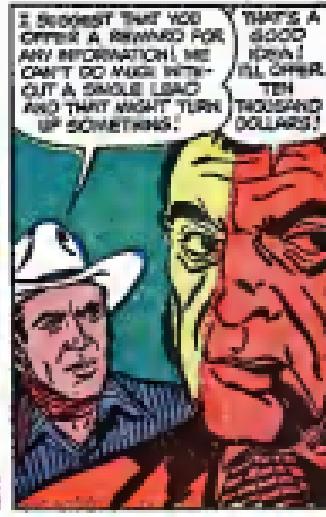
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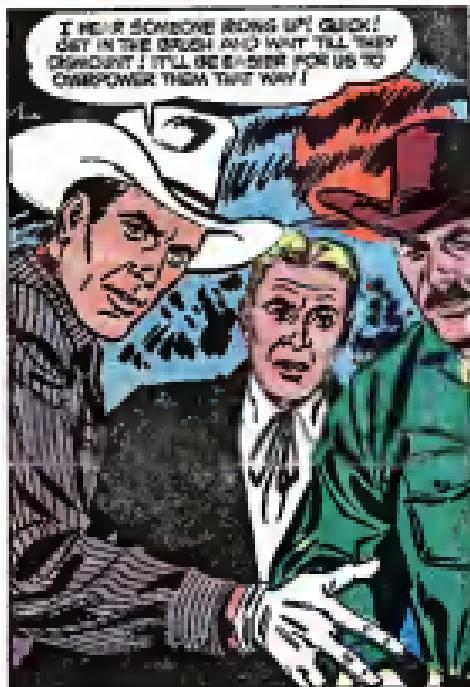
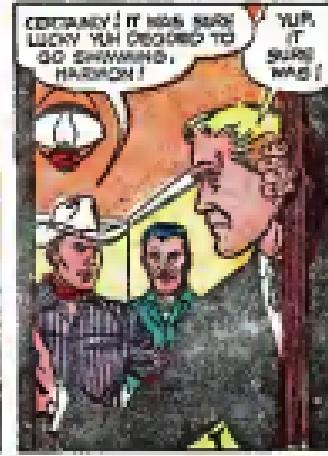
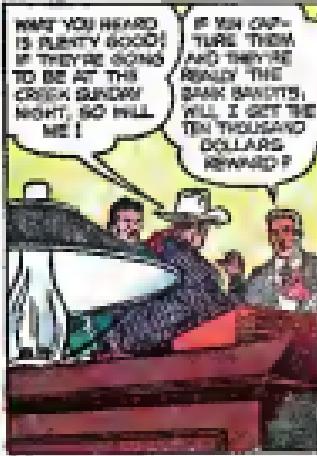
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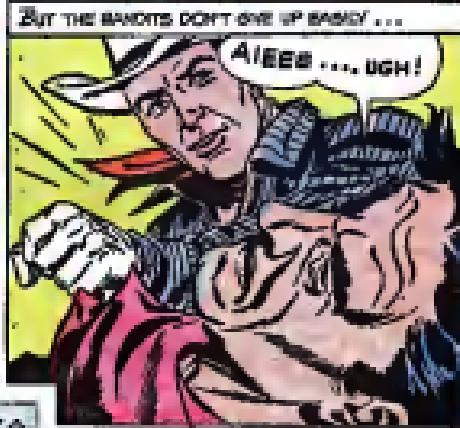
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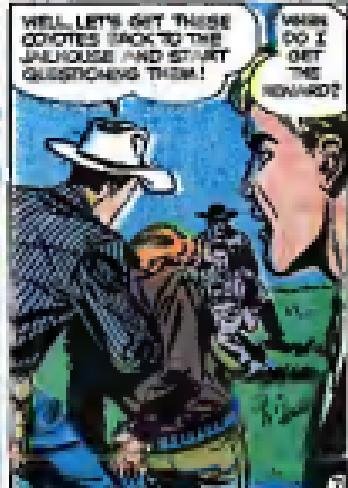
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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AS SOON AS WE FIND OUT FOR SURE THAT THESE ARE THE BANK BANDITS, YOU MAY AS WELL GO HOME NOW AND GET INTO SOME DRY CLOTHES, AND I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU IN THE MORNING!

CRASH!



CATCH IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

ALL RIGHT, YUN OWEYER CONOTE! WHERE'S THE MONEY YUN STOLE FROM THE BANK? AND DON'T TRY TO PUT ON THE INNOCENT ACT! WE'RE GOT YUN DEAD TO RIGHTS! RICH WREN HEARD TALKING ABOUT IT AT THE CREEK A FEW NIGHTS AGO!

IF YOU TALK, YOU'LL MAKE THINGS EASIER FOR YOURSELF!



LOOK! IT'S ONLY THAT GUY MURKINS, RIDING AGAINST OUR THREE! HE NEVER ROBBED ANY BANK!

IN THAT CASE, I DON'T SEECH YOU'LL CATCH UP TO OUR SEARCHING YOUR SOON!



THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, ROCKY! AND UNTIL WE GET BACK, I'M GOING TO TOSSE YOU ALL BEHIND BARS FOR FURTHER QUESTIONING!



THE SEARCH OF THE THREE ROOMS PROVES SUCCESSFUL!

INNOCENT, EH? WE FOUND ALMOST HALF THE STOLEN BANK MONEY IN THOSE ROOMS!

WE SHOULD HAVE HID IT IN THE HILLS PER A SPELL!

IT'S TOO LATE TO THINK OF THAT NOW!



YOU PUSH AS WELL, TALK! YOU'RE GOING TO GET IN JAIL ANYWAY! WHERE'S THE REST OF THE MONEY?

THE OTHER, HOWEVER, WAS IT....THE COYOTE WHO ARRANGED THE HORRIBLE JOB AND GOT US TO PULL IT PER HIM!



WHO IS HE?

PER DON'T KNOW!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

A WARMINT SETS UP A BANK ROB-BERY FOR YOU AND YEH SAY YEH DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS!

IT'S TRUE! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE! HE WORKS A GREEN MAMA BOTH TIMES WE SAW HIM; FIRST, HE GAVE US THE SAMES CONVERSATION AND THE SECOND TIME WE SPLIT THE HAUL WITH HIM!

LISTEN-YEH LYING BANDITS! THESE PROBABLY WERNT ANYONE ELSE IN ON THE JOB. NOW WHERE DID YEH HIDE THE REST? WAIT A MINUTE OF THE LOOT?

THESE THREE BANDITS AREN'T SMART ENOUGH TO HAVE PULLED OFF A SMOOTH JOG LIKE THE BANK ROB-BERY. I THINK THEY'RE TELLING THE TRUTH THAT SOMEBODY ELSE ARRANGED IT ALL! AND SINCE THERE'S NO LOYALTY AMONG BANDITS, THEY'S SURELY SICKED IF THEY KNEW WHO HE WAS!

THEN WE'RE STUCK LOOKING FOR AN OLD-LAW WHO COULD TELL ME MORE A GREEN MAMA MIGHT BE LIKE LOOKING FOR THE NUGGET IN A HAYSTACK!

BUT WHERE GOT TO FIND HIM? HE'S GOT THE OTHER TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS THAT WAS STOLEN!

EVEN THE LAW CAN'T DO THE IMPOSSIBLE! REASON THOUGH WHO BETTER SEE THAT BARMON GOT HIS REWARD MONEY? IT'S NOT HIS FAULT HEALP THE LOOT IS STILL MISSING!

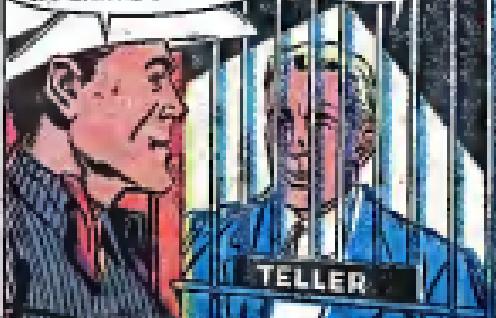
YES, BUT HOLD ON! DOING ANYTHING ABOUT THAT FOR A DAY OR TWO? I HAVE A HUNCH I WANT TO FOLLOW UP!



THE FOLLOWING DAY... I JUST DROPPED IN TO TELL YOU THAT AS SOON AS THE SHERIFF MAKES FORMAL CHARGES AGAINST THOSE BANDITS AND ARRANGES FOR A TRIAL, HE'LL TELL MR. TROWERS TO GIVE YOU THE REWARD. IT WILL TAKE A DAY OR TWO!

THAT'S OKEE, ROCKY! THANKS A LOT!

I THINK I KNOW WHO THAT MYSTERIOUS LEADER WITH THE GREEN WHIP IS. I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN PROVE IT RIGHT NOW BY GOING TO HIS BOARDING-HOUSE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

SHORTLY AFTER...

If my hunch is correct, I
should find that green mask
and the other twenty-five
thousand dollars right
here in this room!



BUT AFTER ROCKY SEARCHED EVERY POSSIBLE HIDDEN SPOT IN THE ROOM...

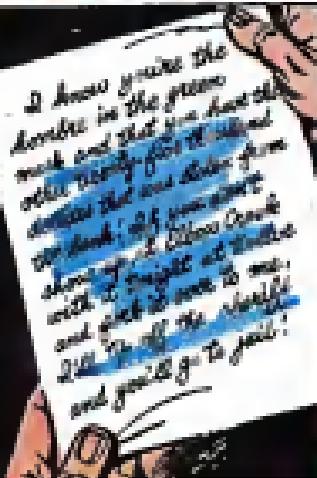
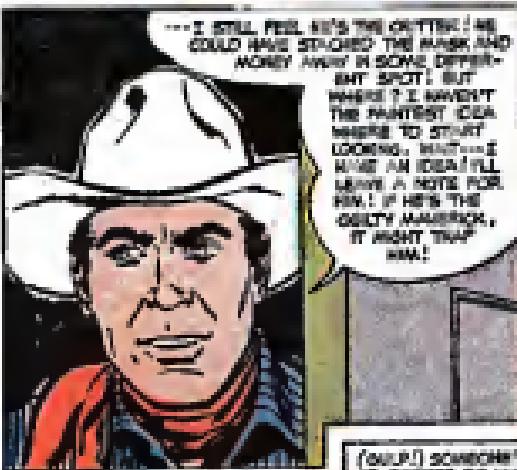
They're not here! I sure am surprised... but...



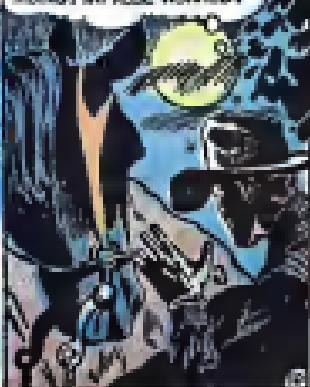
...I still feel he's the culprit! He
could have stashed the mask and
money away in some different spot! But
where? I haven't
the faintest idea
where to start
looking... wait... I
have an idea! I'll
leave a note for
him if he's the
greedy murderer,
it might trap
him!

Earlier
that day,
when
the
occupant
of that
room
returned...

...WASN'T THERE A NOTE ON THE
TABLE? I WONDER WHO COULD
HAVE LEFT IT HERE?



PART NIGHT... IT'S MIDNIGHT
HOME! I'LL SOON
PROWL UP IF MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!
WHAT? I HEAR SOMETHING
MOVING! MY RUEFUL WORRIES...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

CAN THIS BE THE MYSTERIOUS BANDIT IN THE GREEN MASK?

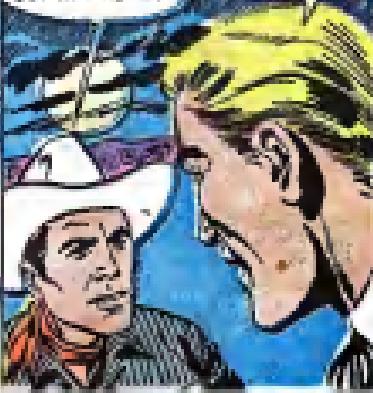


ARE YOU GOING TO BE MARRIED TO ME, MARION? I'M NOT SURPRISED TO SEE YOU, MARION. I WAS EXPECTING YOU AFTER I LEFT THAT NOTE.

"WHY YOU LEFT THAT NOTE? -- ER, THAT NOTE? I NEVER GOT ANY NOTES!"

YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY, MARION! YOU DONT ADMIT THAT YOU GOT THAT NOTE!

I DONT KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!



OH, NOT I'LL PROVE IT! I'M POSITIVE YOUVE GOT THAT THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN YOUR POCKET. I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK...



TRAMPLE HIM, BOY! TRAMPLE HIM!



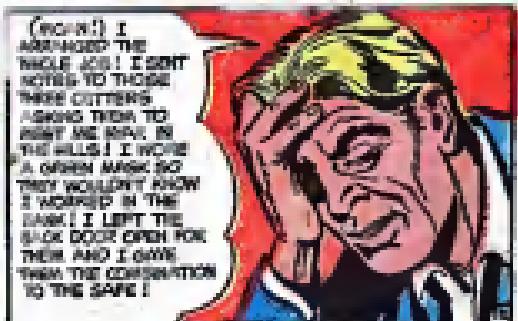
YOU'RE TOO SMART FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, ROCKY! YOU'RE GOING TO BE CRUSHED TO DEATH!

(OOF!) THERE'S NO TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AS THE HORSE BURNS HIS FRONT LEGS DOWN TOWARDS THE HELF...
LESS ROCKY...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AFTER I GOT MY HALF OF THE LOOT, I FIGURED I COULD GET THE REWARD MONEY, TOO, BY TURNING THEM IN!

SO THAT'S IT! YOU TRIED TO COLLECT AT BOTH ENDS! BUT INSTEAD . . .



--WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT ME? I'M POSITIVE I DIDN'T LEAVE ANY CLUES, AND THOSE CATTLEMEN SAID DON'T KNOW ME!

NO, THEY DIDN'T. BUT LIKE ALL BANDITS, YOU MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE!



WHEN YOU WERE KNOCKED INTO THE CREEK AND I HEARD YOU YELL FOR HELP THE OTHER NIGHT, I DON'T BELIEVE YOUR STORY THAT YOU HAD SOMEONE HERE TO TAKE A CAP AND HAUL OVERBOARD THOSE THREE CATTLEMEN TALKING ABOUT THE BANK JOB!



--WELL, YOU'Ll COLLECT IS A GOOD STAR PERSON TERRI! NOW ILL RELIEVE YOU OF THIS TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

YOU DONT JAB HOW SOI ANSWER YUH'L ANOTHER AND ONE THING --



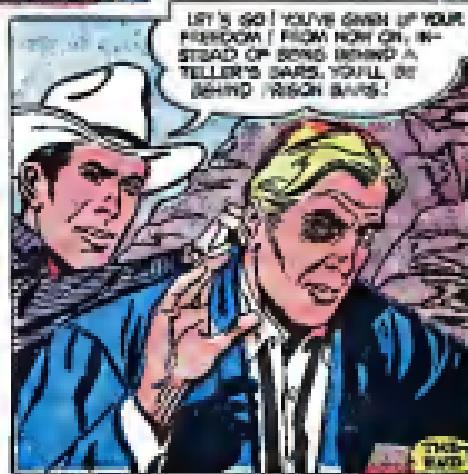
--WHEN THE BANDITS MENTIONED AN HONORABLE MAN WHO WOULDN'T REVEAL HIS IDENTITY, I KNEW FOR SURE IT WAS YOU, BECAUSE ALL SICKS IDENTIFIED AN "HONORABLE JOHN." YOU KNOW THE REST! I LEFT THE NOTE TO SPARE OUT THE TRUTH FROM YOU! IF YOU WERE INNOCENT, YOU WOULD HAVE TAKEN IT TO THE SHERIFF! INSTEAD, YOUR GUILT MADE YOU RUSH HERE RIGHT INTO THE TRAP!



HONORABLE WHO CAN'T SWIM ARENT UNLUCKY TO GO TO A CREEK IN THE BLACK OR WHITE. WITH ONE HONORABLE STAR COULD LIVE LONG IN WATER.



LET'S GO! YOUVE GIVEN UP YOUR FREEDOM! FROM NOW ON, INSTEAD OF BEING BEHIND A TELLING DAIR, YOU'LL BE BEHIND REASON BARRS!





BROTHERS



THE sheriff walked into the bunkhouse without knocking.

"Howdy, boys," he said.

An assortment of grunts and greetings came from the card players at the round table, friendly, but not demonstrative. The hands at the Dash W ranch liked the sheriff well enough, but they were concentrating on their game.

"I'm not aiming to bust up the game," continued the sheriff, "but I want to palaver with Andy a minute. Would you step outside with me, Andy?"

"What's Andy been up to, sheriff? Stealin' horses off a merry-go-round again?" asked one of the boys.

The others chuckled at this rather crude wit. It seemed especially funny to them because they all knew Andy. Andy was a thoroughly honest brawler who wouldn't steal even a chunk of mud.

"Lead me out," said Andy, and then, "What's up, sheriff?"

"It's private like," responded the lawman, waiting beside the door for Andy to precede him.

When they had stepped outside into the dark, the sheriff said, "Let's漫ander a few steps away from the bunkhouse, Andy. I don't want our confab to fuddle anybody in there that happens to be holding soon."

They were well away from the glow of yellow light cast through the bunkhouse window by the oil lamp when the sheriff jabbed his revolver square in Andy's back and said, "It's a gun, Andy. Take it easy and don't try anything foolish."

Andy stood, motionless, but asked, "What's the idea, sheriff?"

"I'm taking your gun, Andy," replied the lawman, slipping Andy's big six-shooter from its holster.

"What's the charge, sheriff?"

"No charge," was the response. "So far as I know you've never been guilty of breaking the law and you're not guilty now. I just took

your gun to keep you from doing anything foolish."

"Like what?" asked Andy. Neither man had raised his voice. They might have been standing in the dark outside the bunkhouse discussing the weather, if tone of voice meant anything. Yet there seemed to be electricity in the air.

"I've been living for more than 20 years," declared the sheriff, "and one of the reasons I've lived so long is that I've been studying human nature. I can read a lot in a man's face, in his actions, in his words. I know a lot about you, Andy. You're brave, honest and strong. You're not easily riled. But there's one thing that'll really get your dander up. That's if anybody says anything against your brother, Bud."

"Bud! What's happened to Bud?" For the first time there was tension in Andy's voice.

"Nothing's happened to him yet," was the sheriff's answer. "But I intend to make something happen to him. You won't like what I've got to say and you'll likely be fighting mad and ready to kill me for it, but I've got to say it."

"Go on."

"Your brother, Bud, is a murderer."

Andy turned, slowly, and faced the sheriff. There was a tense moment before he spoke. His hands clasped and uncclasped at his side.

"You did right, sheriff," he said, at last. "You did right to take my gun away from me. You did right to talk this thing up first, without coming right out with it. I sure might've done something foolish to you for saying a thing like that. It's not so. Whoever said so is a liar. Bud is a wild colt, sure enough, but he's not a murderer."

"I know how you feel, Andy." The sheriff's tone was soft, soothing almost. "But two witnesses saw him. Swear they saw him shoot down the cashier in cold blood."

"C�T THEY be!" asserted Andy, scornfully.

"Now you've always been on the side of law and order, Andy," continued the sheriff.

"We can't find your brother; haven't been able to so far, leastwise. Of course, there's a posse out looking for him. A regular posse and a bunch of vigilantes that are liable to shoot first and ask questions afterwards. But I figured we could find him quicker if you'd lead us to him. You, being on the side of law and order, wouldn't want even your brother to get away, being that he's a murderer. So I came to ask for your help."

"Help?" snorted Andy. "You want me to help put a noose around my own brother's neck? And me knowing he's not a murderer? Yes, I'll help. Here's how I'll help you, Sheriff!"

Ignoring the sheriff's drawn gun he jumped past the lawman, ducked behind a shed, then sped to his horse. He mounted, and was off in the night, off to seek out his young brother, Bud, "a wild colt, sure enough."

The sheriff held his fire. "Can't shoot him. He didn't do anything," he told himself. "And he sure got the jump on me. No use to chase him now." He mounted his horse, and rode back to town.

THEIR he described his mission and its results to Bart Wunder, the town boss.

"Sheriff, you were a fool!" thundered Bart. "You'll lose your star for this. You said Andy would find his no-good brother, Bud, for us. And instead you let him slip you and take off. Well, now we'll have to catch them both and string them up. To my mind, this makes Andy just as guilty as Bud is."

"Just as guilty," agreed the sheriff.

"Well, I'm glad you agree," said Bart. "Maybe you could redeem yourself by catching them. Why aren't you riding with one of the posse?"

"Plenty of young men in the posse," said the sheriff. "Besides, I've got a job to do. I've got to see that nothing drastic happens to those two eyewitnesses."

It was a little later that he took the two witnesses into "protective custody." He had them in his office in the jail building. They were two furtive men, uneasy.

"Wouldn't want anything to happen to you boys," said the sheriff. "You're important witnesses. You're the only two that can testify against Bud. If you were both to die, sudden like, where would we be?"

"Die?" One of the men repeated the word, half-shocked on it.

"... all," said the sheriff. "There's Bud's brother, Andy. Andy is an honest man, but mighty nasty when riled. He doesn't think Bud is guilty. And if Bud got hung, and Andy found out he really wasn't guilty, well, I'd sure hate to think what he'd do to the witness. You know Andy?"

The two men were silent, breathing hard. Then one blurted, "Sheriff, you gotta protect us!"

"Well, I'll try," said the lawman. "But you know Andy. Stone walls can't stop him when he's determined. Why, I had a gun on him and he was unarmed, but he got away just the same. He . . ."

"No, no," blurted the other witness. "Not from Andy. You protect us from Bart Wunder. Because we're gonna tell you the truth. Bart killed that cashier. He had a row with him and he did it. We saw him. But he helped us and scared us. He knew Bud had been around town and he said if we blamed it on Bud, a posse would get him and then there'd be no more fun about it. He said everybody knows Bud is a wild colt and they wouldn't put it past him to shoot the cashier. But Bart really did it."

The other witness nodded assent.

"You boys did right to tell the truth," the sheriff asserted. "Bart won't hurt you. He'll hang."

THE sheriff sat on the edge of a bank in the Dash W bunkhouse. Across from him were Andy and Bud, side by side.

"I'm sorry I had to give you the slip, sheriff," said Andy, "but if the same thing happened I'd do it again."

"I know you would," said the sheriff. "I figured you would. I'm a keen judge of human nature. I figured also that you'd ride out and tell Bud to lie low so that trigger-happy gang of vigilantes wouldn't plug him or string him up. But being a lawman I couldn't come right out and tell you to warn him; not with two witnesses swearing he was a murderer and me with only my judgment of human nature to tell me he wasn't. So I just did the best thing I could under the circumstances."

"Sheriff, you are a prime judge of human nature," declared Andy, weakly.

"Andy, you sure are a prime handy brother to have!" declared the sheriff. Bud was silent. He tried to speak, but there was a lump in his throat.

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROPIN' AND RIDIN'

WITH



Hi, FANSHOMES ----

BLACK JACK AND I WERE OVER IN PONDERHORN LAST WEEK, SHOPPING FOR VITTLES AND HAVING A QUICK LOOK-SEE AT CITY WHARFS.

A RUGGED MEDIUM-SHOULDERED, BARREL-CHESTED MAN...MUSCLE MASSAGED BETTER THAN SIN AND A HALF FEET TALL...WAS HOLDING COURT IN FRONT OF THE GENERAL STORE, WHILE A HERD OF COWBOYS STOOD IN A CIRCLE AROUND HIM. HIS RAUCOUS LAUGHTER BOOCHED OUT LIKE CAVALRY CANON FIRE SEVERAL TIMES AND, CURIOUS - BLACK JACK AND I WANDERED OVER.

STANDING NEXT TO THE GIANT WAS A LITTLE FIGUREHEAD OF A MAN. I COULD SEE AT A GLANCE, THAT THE GIANT WAS PAINING HIMSELF TO THE EX-PESS OF THIS POOR UNPROTECTED FELLOWS. FOR A MINUTE OR SO I WATCHED QUIETLY, WHILE THE HUMILATING EXHIBITION WENT ON. FINALLY, AWARE THAT THE FESTIVITY WAS SUFFUSING A LITTLE, THEN, THE BIG HADDY REACHED OVER AND WHACKED HIS VICTIM'S BEAT-UP OLD STETSON DOWN OVER HIS SOOTY FACE.

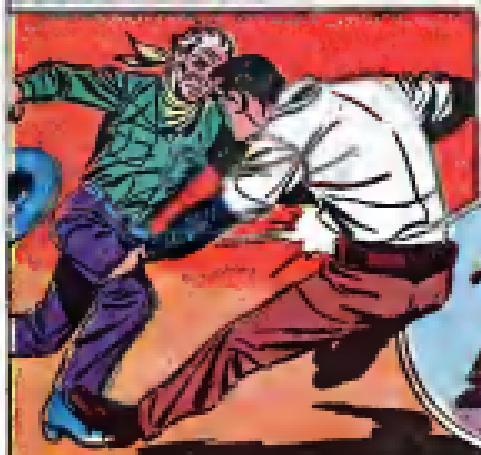
IN THE NEXT INSTANT, BEFORE I COULD SHOUT OUT OF MY SACQUE, THAT GROWLING MAN LUNGED LIKE A RAGING TIGER... HIS FISTS MOVED WITH SUCH SWIFTNESS AND ACCURACY THAT I DON'T BELIEVE THE GIANT KNEW QUITE WHAT HIT HIM! WITH A BLOW OF PAIN AND SEMI-UNCONSCIOUSNESS, THE HUGE RAGGY MADE TRACKS... pronto!

ALL OF WHICH GOES TO PROVE THE OLD SAYING ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO TELL A BOOK BY ITS COVER...OR A MAN BY THE HEIGHT HE STANDS ABOVE THE GROUND!

BLACK JACK AND I HAVE TO RAMBLE ALONG NOW. GOOD ROPIN' AND RIDIN' TIL WE GET TOGETHER AGAIN NEXT ISSUE.

Yours truly,

Allan Rocky Lane
AND BLACK JACK □



BIG BOW and LITTLE ARROW

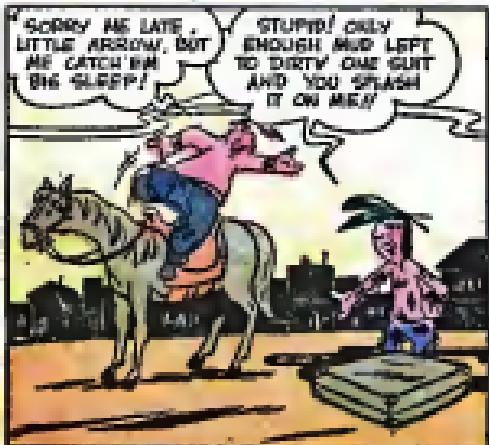
THE FORTUNE HUNTERS



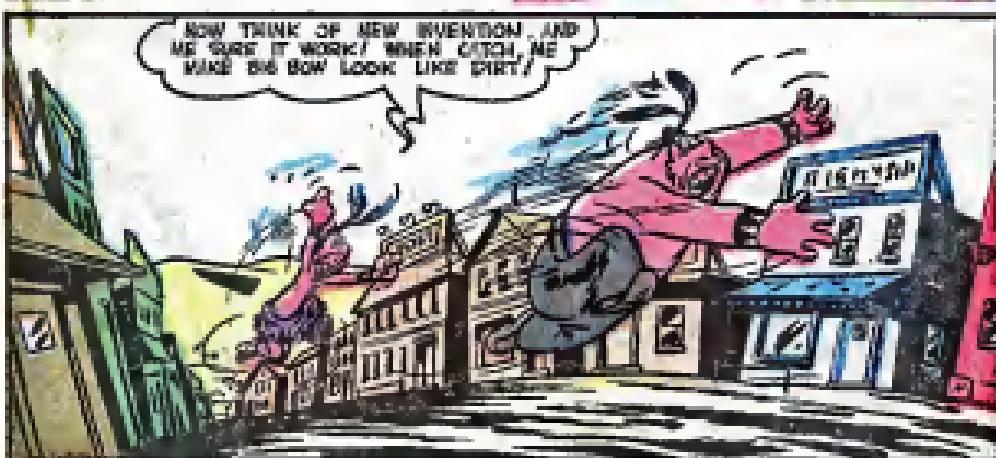
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



Rocky Lane

The SONSET FEUD

KRRRRP!

SEEM AS IF THEY
DON'T LIKE STRANGERS
IN THESE PARTS! WE'VE
GOT TO GET OUT OF THE
OPEN! WE MAKE TOO
GOOD A TARGET HERE!

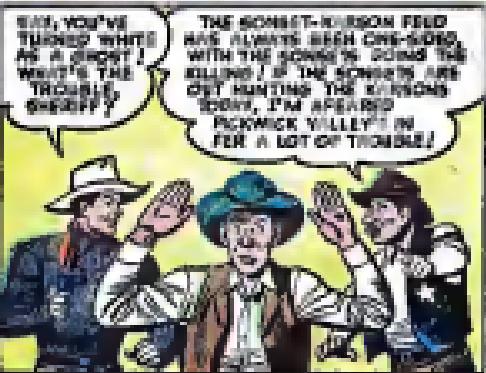
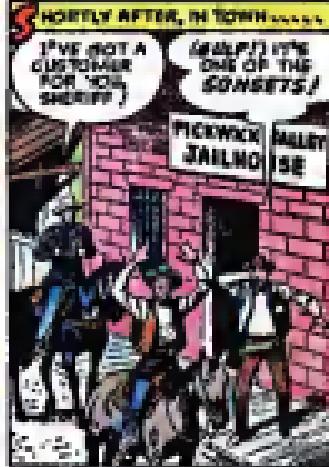
One day, Secret Marshal
ROCKY LANE is riding through
the mesquines on his way to
Picwick Valley when, shot out
of nowhere, a bullet pierces
his sombrero!

THIS LOOKS LIKE
A GOOD SPOT! NOW
KEEP OUT OF RANGE,
BLACK JACK—

—WHILE I AM TO
FIND OUT WHO'S
TRYING TO
KILL ME.

GEEPS! HE SHOT THE RIDE
RIGHT OUTTA MISH HANNAH!
THAT COULDN'T BE ONE
OF THE KARSON CLAN?
NONE OF THEM CAN
SHOOT THAT
WELL!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



BUT AS THE GUN-NIFTY SONSETS TRY TO WIPE OUT THE MARSHALS, ROCKY LANE ARRIVES WITH THE SHERIFF.

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THE SONSETS ARE ALREADY HERE!

KEEP YOUR SIX-SHOOTER HANDY! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS MASSACRE!



LOOK, BRETT! IT'S THE SHERIFF AND HE'S GOT SOMEONE WITH HIM!

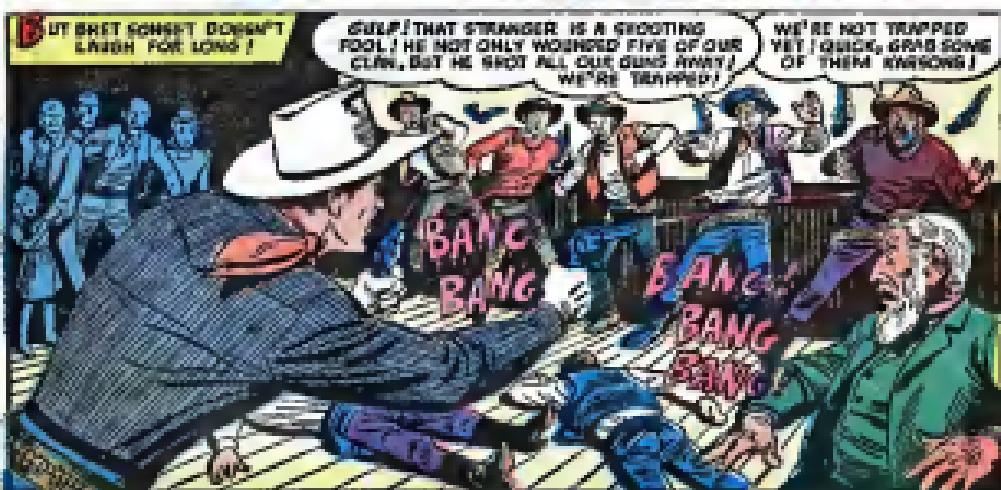
SO WHAT? WE'LL WIPE THEM OUT WITH THE REST OF THE MARSHALS! HA, HA!



BUT BRETT SHERIFF DON'TH FOR LONG!

SURE! THAT STRANGER IS A SHOOTING FOOL! HE NOT ONLY WOUNDED FIVE OF OUR CLOWNS, BUT HE SHOT ALL OUR GUNS AWAY! WE'RE TRAPPED!

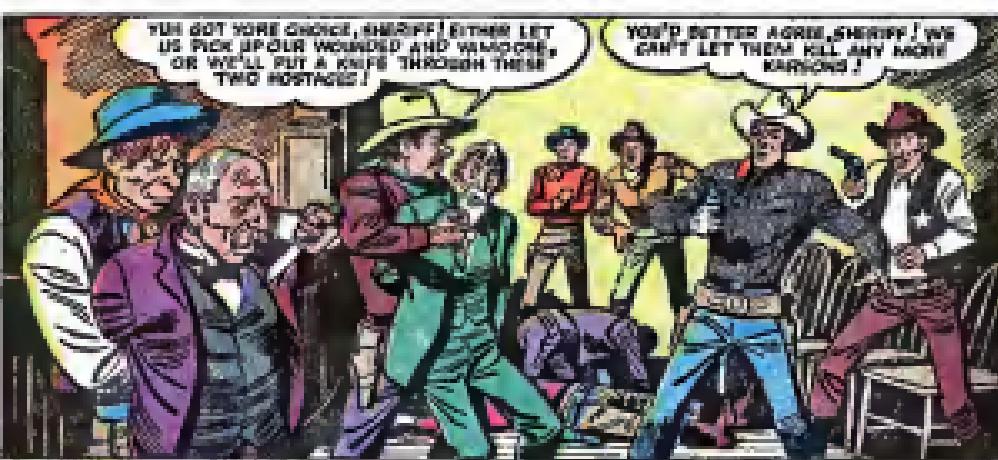
WE'RE NOT TRAPPED YET! QUICKLY, GRAB SOME OF THEM MARSHALS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

YOU GOT YORE CHOICE, SHERIFF! EITHER LET US PICK UP OUR WOUNDED AND VAMBOGE, OR WE'LL PUT A KNIFE THROUGH THESE TWO HOSTAGES!

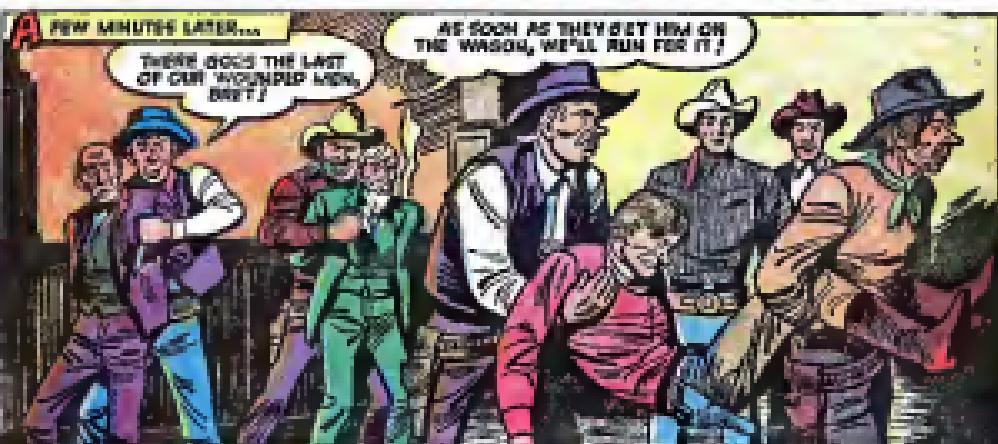
YOU'D BETTER AGREE, SHERIFF! WE CAN'T LET THEM KILL ANY MORE KARIONS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE GOES THE LAST OF OUR WOUNDED MEN, BRETT!

AS SOON AS THEY GET HIM ON THE WAGON, WE'LL RUN FOR IT!

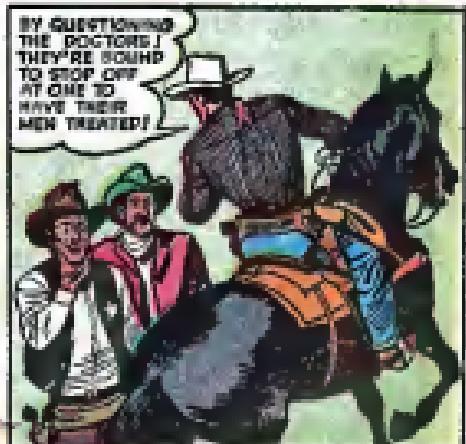
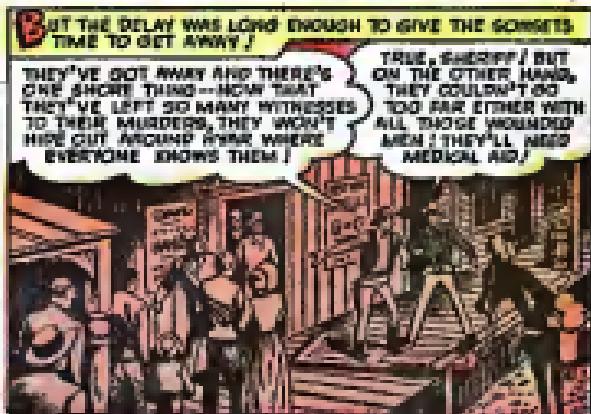


EVERYTHING'S SET! LET'S GO!

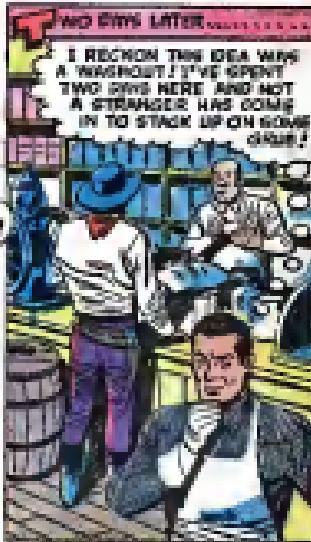
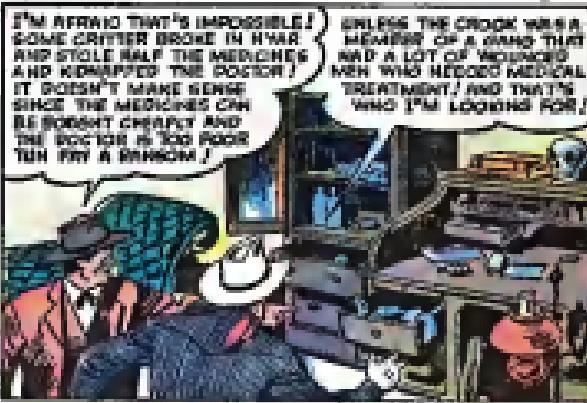
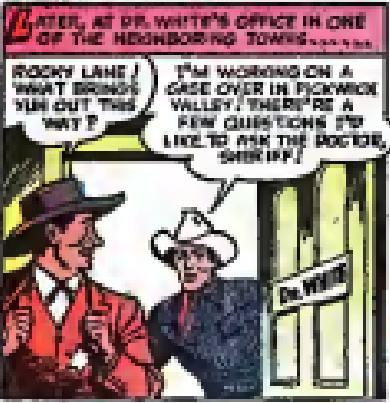
NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO MOVE, SHERIFF! WE CAN'T LET THOSE MURKERS GET OUT OF SIGHT!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

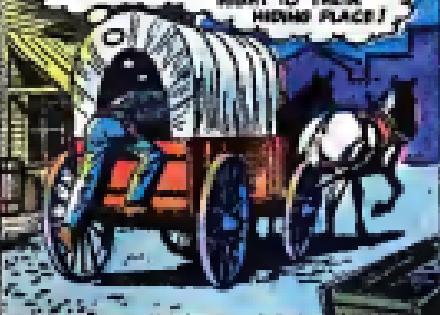


ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

I'LL HIDE INSIDE THE WAGON IF THIS SHERIFF IS A SONOFABITCH, I'LL TRUST ME RIGHT TO THEIR HIDING PLACE!



LATER, IN THE HILLS...

DID ANYONE IN TOWN RECOGNIZE YOU?

NO! NOBODY KNEW ME!

BOOP! HOW ARE THEY? VITTLER INSIDE? WE'RE ALL HUNGRY AS BEARS!



IT'S THE SHERIFFS, ALL RIGHT! THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT THE WOUNDED MAN AND THE DOCTOR INSIDE THAT RUSTED OLD STATION!



THEY'RE TOO MANY TO TACKLE BY MYSELF! I'LL HIDE UNDER THESE SLEEPING BAGS UNTIL DAWN, THEN I'LL RIDE BACK TO TOWN TO GET THE SHERIFF AND FORCE THEM TO COME BACK WITH ME! THAT IS, IF I'M NOT DISCOVERED FIRST!



BUT LUCK IS WITH THE OUTLAW SECRET MARGINAL...

THEY'VE TAKEN OUT THE GUARD WITHOUT FINDING ME! NOW I CAN HIDE—UNTIL IT GETS DARK!



AT NIGHT...

THEY'RE ALL SLEEPING! NOW TO GET THE SHERIFF AND THE FORCES —



...BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THE DOCTOR IS ALL RIGHT!



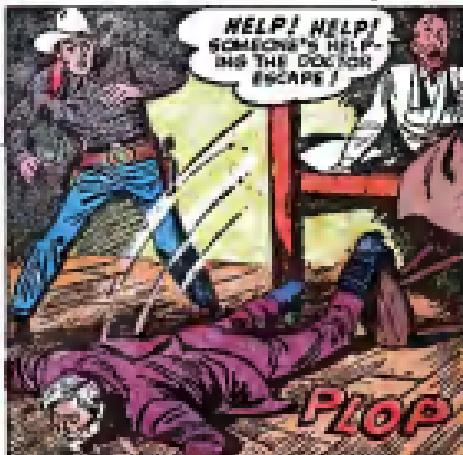
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE — A SECRET MARRIAGE BUT NO MORE QUESTIONS NOW. WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE ANYONE NOTICES US. LEAVING SOON, I DON'T RETURN WITH THE POLICE AND CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY FILM ANYTHING.

MAN, I
KNEW THEY
WERE GOING TO FORCE ME
TO PATCH UP
THOSE INJURED
GUYS AND THEN
MADE A PRISONER
OF ME! THE BETTER
I GET OUT OF HERE,
THE BETTER I'LL
LIKE IT!

BUT IN HIS ANXIETY TO LEAVE, THE DOCTOR DOESN'T NOTICE A NEARBY STOOL, AND...



**THE WOUNDED MAN'S SCREAMS ABOUT
EVERYTHING IN GNAE....**

DING-DONG IT! THEY'RE ALL
COMING HERE! WE'RE TRAPPED!
THEY'LL KILL US---AND IT'S
ALL MY FAULT!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



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MAGIC MIRROR—Special dove, with the stand, with all the real parts, without even looking at them.



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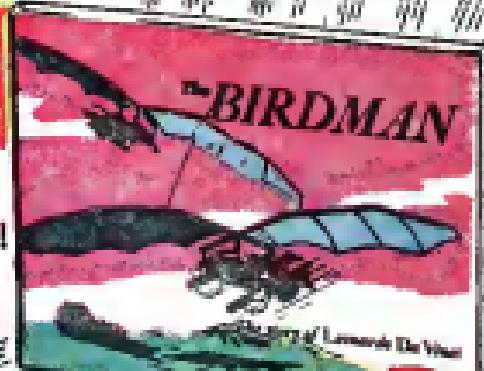
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